

# When Colds Attack!

MY HEAD IS SO STUFFY, I'D FEEL BETTER IF IT EXPLODED... JUST LIKE THE RED PLANET IN ULTRALORD ISSUE #725. OR WAS IT #745...? MY BRAIN IS SO FULL OF GUNK I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT!

I DOUBT EVEN ULTRALORD COULD SAVE ME FROM THIS RUNNY NOSE.

BLASPHEMY! NO GERMS CAN STOP UL-TR-ULL-TR-

**AACHOO!**  
OOPS... SORRY, CARL.

EEEW, GROSS!

IT CAN'T BE HELPED. EVEN I DON'T LOOK COOL WITH A STUFFED NOSE.

IT'S TRUE! MY EARS ARE RINGING SO MUCH I CAN BARELY KEEP THE BEAT.

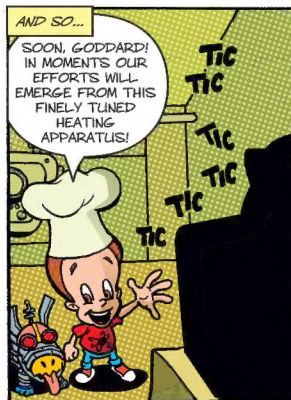
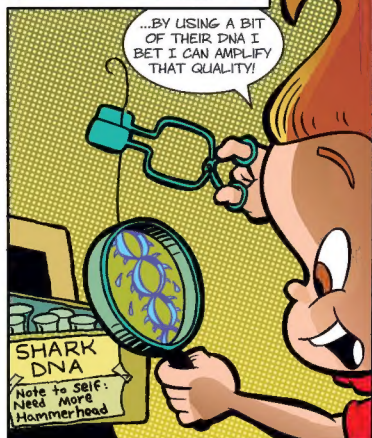
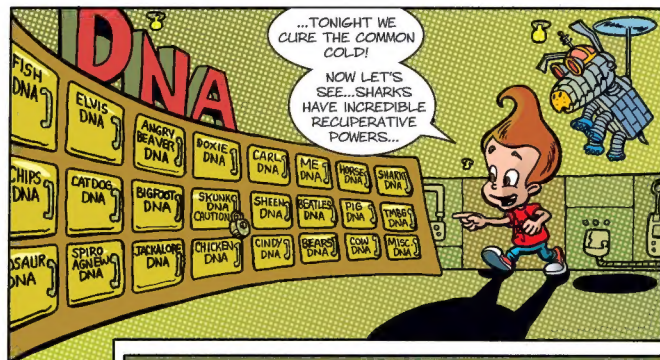
WELL, I FOR ONE REFUSE TO GET SICK.

DON'T WORRY, GUYS. BY TOMORROW I'LL HAVE A CURE FOR YOU.

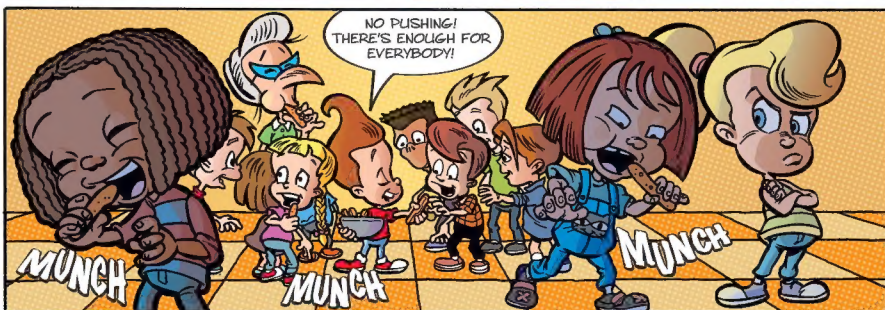
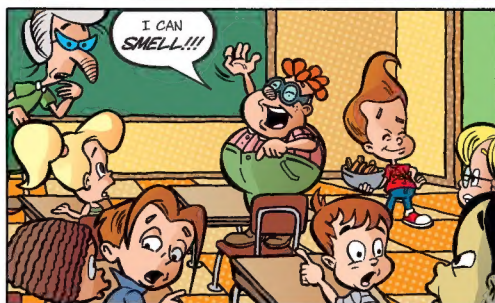
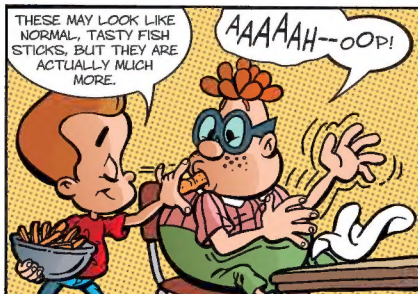
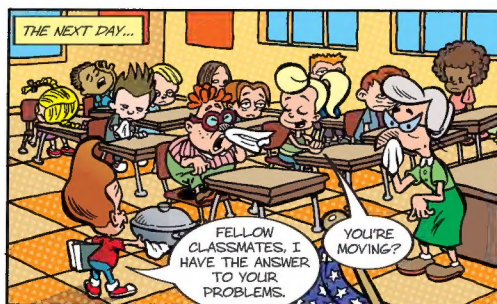
I HOPE.

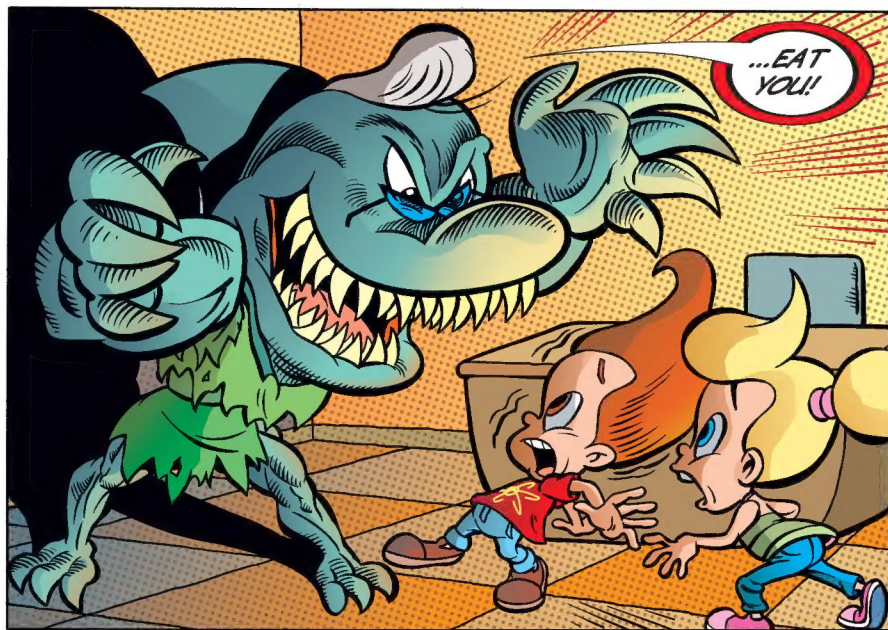
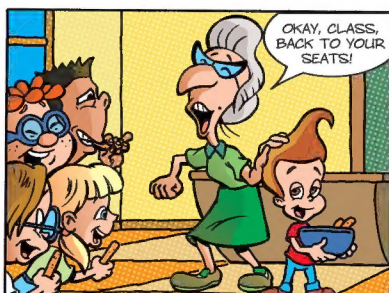
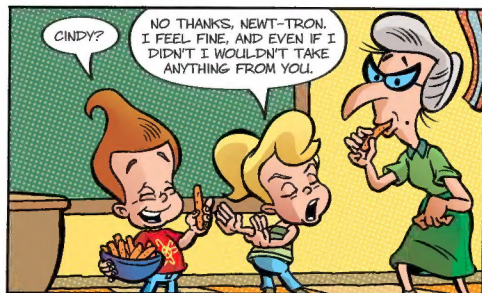
ON DAYS LIKE THIS I'M EXTRA GLAD WE'RE BEST FRIENDS WITH A GENIUS.







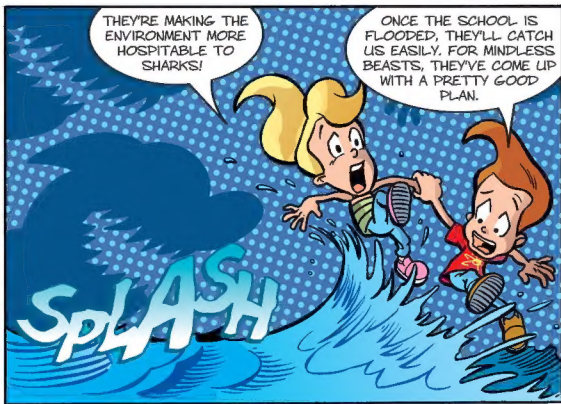
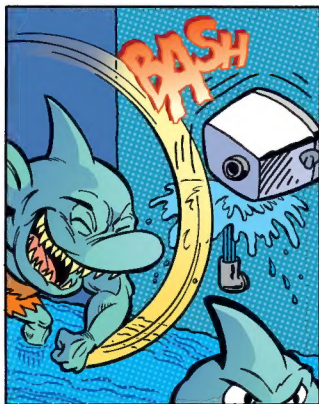
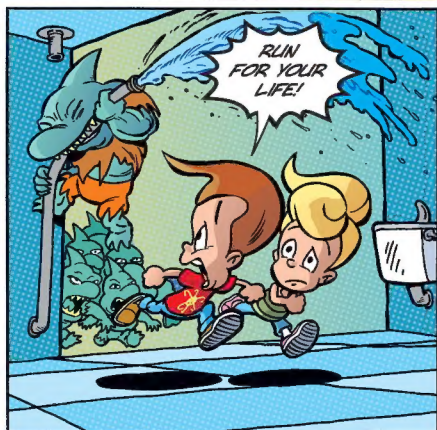
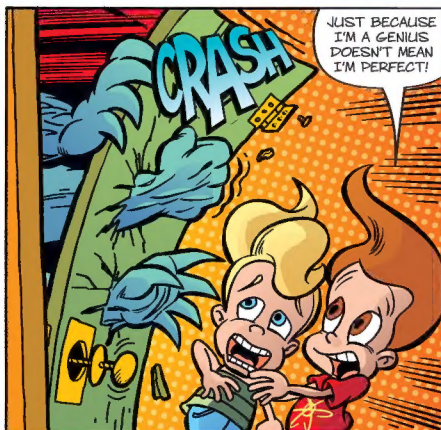
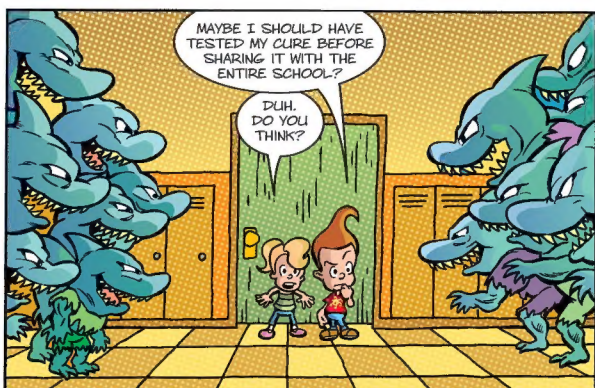


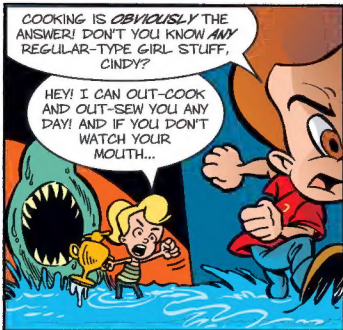
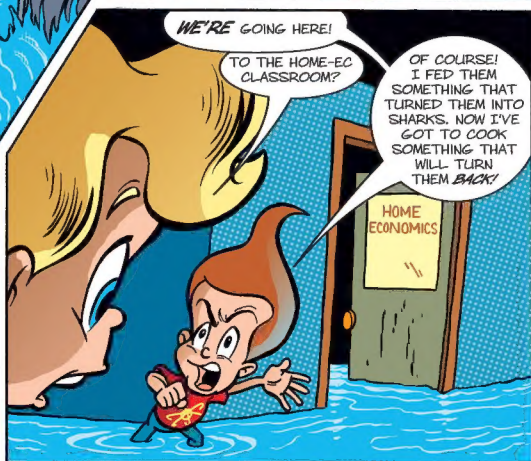
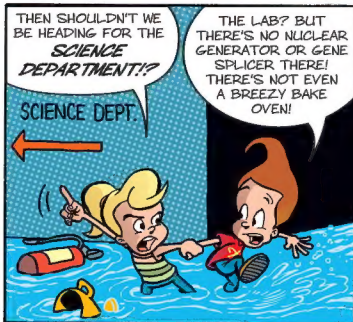




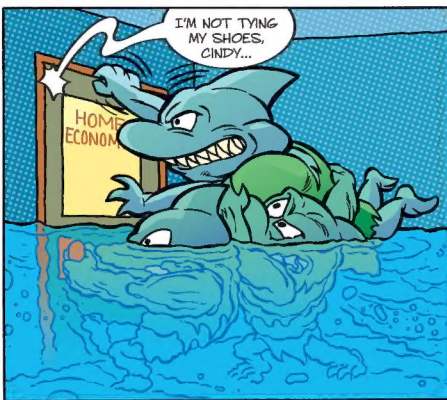
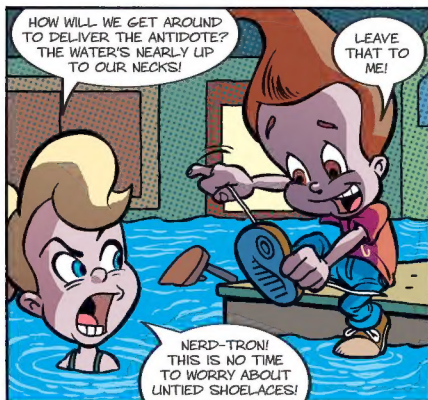
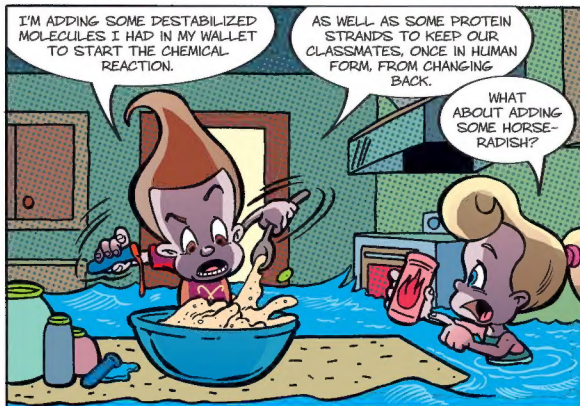
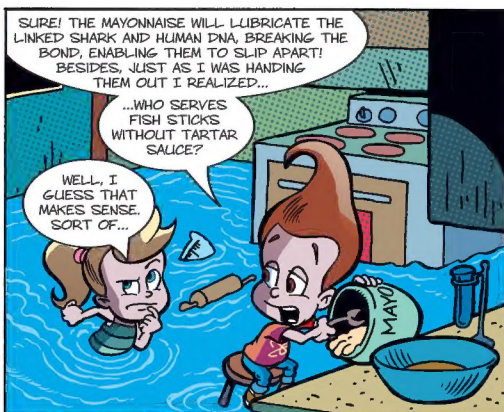




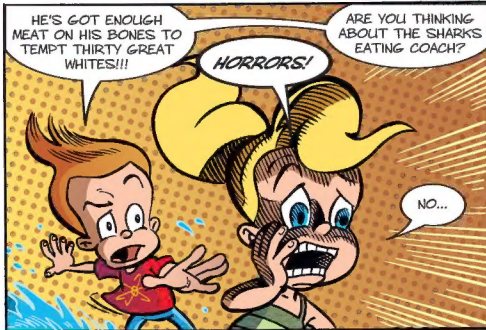
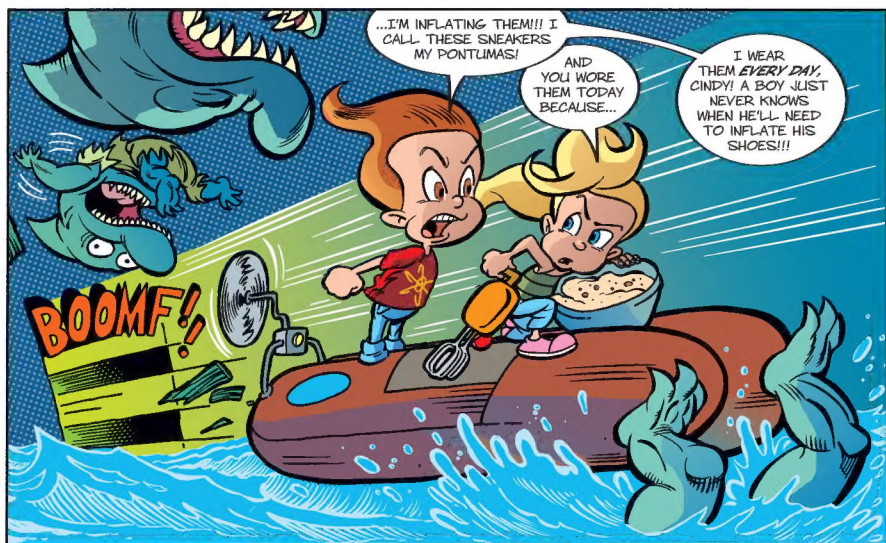




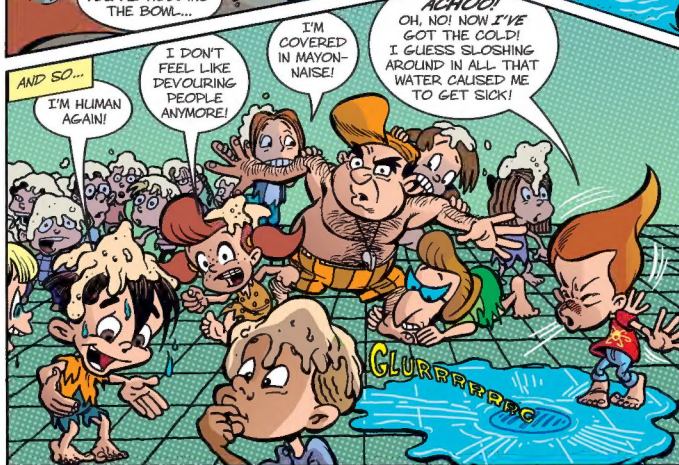
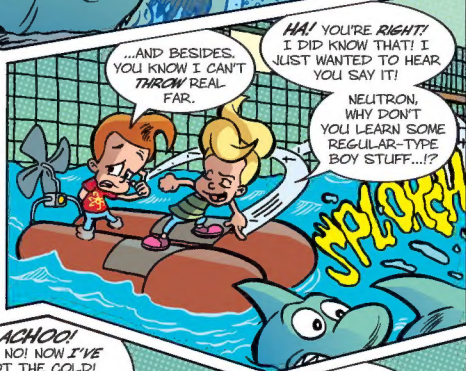
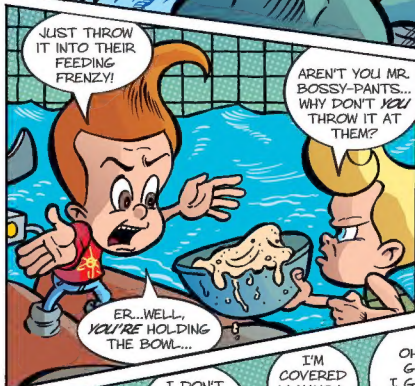
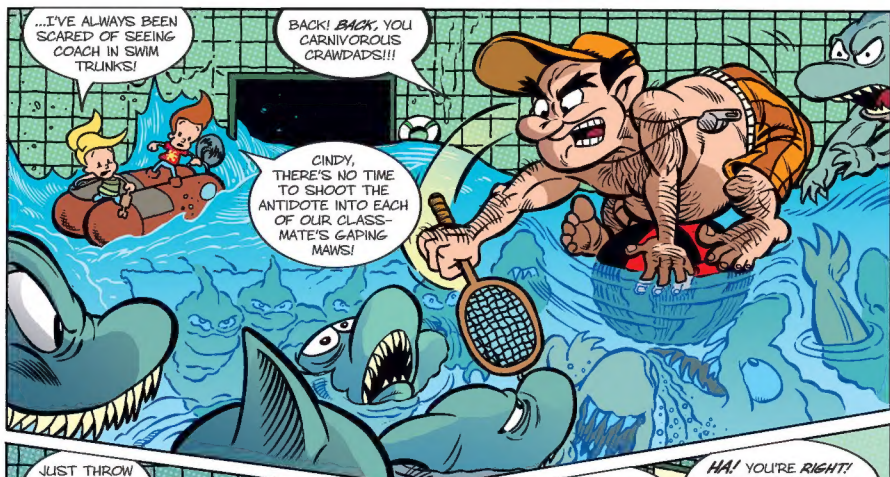












the end!